
Title: Dragon Rearing

Author: Alfus Drakenfyn

The First Page of this
Book displays a picture
of a hatching dragon egg.

"Oh great dragons of the
skies and seas, lend to
us your wisdom and your
greatness!"

It is no secret that the
dragon races of Sosaria
have long existed before
our own modern
civilization of Britannia
was even a thought. The
dragonkin races flew
amongst the clouds and
dived beneath the waves
long before the first man
ever took his first steps.
We wonder then, the
dragonkin civilization never
manifested. Or rather,
why no evidence of the
existence of these
rumored civilizations have
ever been found. Of
interest certainly are the
mindless automatons that
cower at the tamers
whip, it is hardly right to
call these beasts dragons.
The great noble beasts,
the free and choice given
dragonkin of Britannia
hide in the shadows out
of fear from the so
called heroes of the day.
Dragons have long been
hunted, even the vastly
intelligent ones that cry,
"No, please stop!" when
they are cornered by
such heroes are put to

the sword as a mere curiosity and are never spared. Such was the case with many named and intelligent dragons of Sosaria. Fedelwyne, Raym, Edelwix and Gernine... all cut down needlessly by fools.

Yet with these great dragons deceased, what can we of the scholarly aptitude do to preserve the sanctity of the noble dragon race? How can we protect them from all out extinction?

It is this author's presumption that once a dragon is full grown they neither need or desire the protection of mankind. However, in their infancy it is nearly required.

I have raised three dragons from Eggs, the offspring of Ferumlas, Redelmyr and Etmoab, all dragons cut down in their early adulthood by great heroes of the realm. Yet their eggs went unnoticed by the great hunters.

As such, and through much trial and error I have learned much on the subject of infantile dragonlings. A small piece I shall seek to impart to you dear reader.

Firstly, all dragons require a name. It can be simple or grand, but a name is required.

Secondly, their eggs must be kept extremely hot, as dragon blood seems to boil on contact with air, it can be derived that their body temperature is much much higher than that of human, elf or

orc.

Thirdly, upon hatching the infantile dragon knows only minimalistic communication skills and commands. Latent memories from it's mother may inspire fear or trust in you the dragons new caretaker, depending on the experiences of the offsprings parentage. Fourthly, diet. It is a falacy that all dragons eat meat and prefer men as a meal. In truth dragons eat much like men do, although I have found the most delightful meal that youngling dragons enjoy is lamb and mutton, cooked at first, then later raw as they learn to cook their own meal in the process of hunting.

I have never seen a dragonling strike out at someone who did not deserve it by thinking ill thoughts or devising sinister plans against the dragon. Oh too true, even the youngest dragonlings can sense your thoughts, although not read them directly.

It is also required a small lair, nothing too large mind you as Dragons, much like bears enjoy small cramped spaces like tiny caves. They will line their lair with the hides and other trophies of their hunting and life experiences. Care must be given that this small cave to searve as a lair will also serve to protect the young dragon from preditors as the dragons parents are long since gone and you cannot

be watchful every
moment.

The young dragon will
observe and challenge you.
It will question and test
you. However a firm hand,
an open heart and
honorable intentions will
serve well to give the
young dragonkin a positive
although guarded
perception of mankind. We
must be very careful to
make sure that the
dragonling is not fully
dependant on mankind and
learns to fend for itself
while being wary of human
interaction. Lest the
dragon takes the personae
of a pet and dramples
through the cities looking
for a handout of food.

With the destruction of
the Dragon Raym so many
years ago we can
understand why one
would want to keep
the dragons far from
town. For the Dragon
Raym sought help
from mankind for her
adoptive human
daughter and was
met instantly with
sword and spell,
leaving the poor girl
alone with her
sorrows in the lair
near old dungeon
Wrong.

However, with proper care
and consideration your
rescued dragonkin egg will
indeed one day grow and
maybe even mate and
pass on your teachings
beyond its own
understanding and
yours. Every dragon egg
we can save and allow to
flourish, ensures that the
dragonkin of Sosaria have
a long and sure future
along side mankind.

The book goes on into
minute detail the various
measurements and
scientific studies done
during a lifetime of
observation and
experimentation.*****

The last page of the book displays a picture of a full sized dragon snaking the hand of a man in a wizards hat, the words of the dragon read: "Thank You" ****